

# The Lancaster Ledger.

DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOLUME I.

LANCASTER, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 24, 1852.

NUMBER 42

**LANCASTER LEDGER**  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY  
WEDNESDAY MORNING.  
R. S. BAILEY,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

**TERMS:**  
Two Dollars per year, if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in six months; or Three Dollars, if payment is delayed until the end of the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at seventy-five cents per square of twelve lines, for the first insertion, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. A single insertion One Dollar. Nothing will be counted less than a square.

Advertisers are requested to state, in writing on their advertisements, the number of times they wish them inserted; or they will be continued in the paper until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

**The Law of Newspapers.**  
1. All subscribers who do not give express Notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.  
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them until arrearages are paid.  
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse taking their papers from the offices to which they are sent, they are held responsible till their bills are settled, and their papers ordered to be discontinued.  
4. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

**ALL KINDS OF  
JOB PRINTING**  
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH  
At this Office.

**Selected Tales.**

**THE BAFFLED VILLAIN.**  
BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

Just after breakfast one fine spring morning in 1837, an advertisement in the Times, for a Curate, caught, and fixed my attention. The salary was sufficiently remunerative for a bachelor, and the parish, as I personally knew, one of the most pleasantly situated in all Somersetshire.— Having said that, the reader will readily understand that it could not have been a hundred miles from Taunton. I instantly wrote, enclosing testimonials, with which the Rev. Mr. Townley, the rector, was so entirely satisfied, that the return-post brought me a positive engagement, unclogged with the slightest objection to one or two subsidiary items. I had stipulated for, and accompanied by an invitation to make the rectory my home till I could conveniently suit myself elsewhere. This was both kind and handsome, and the next day but one I took coach with a light heart for my new destination. It thus happened that I became acquainted, and in some degree mixed up with the train of events it is my present purpose to relate.

mind and temper, was evinced in every line of her face, in every accent of the low pitched silver voice that breathe through lips made only to smile.  
Let me own that I was greatly struck by so remarkable a combination of rare endowments, and that, I think, the sharp-eyed rector must have perceived, or he might not perhaps have been so immediately communicative with respect to the near prospects of his idolized grand-child as he was, the moment the young lady, after presiding at the breakfast table had withdrawn.  
"We shall have gay doings, Mr. Tyrrel, at the rectory, shortly," he said. "Next Monday three weeks' will, with the blessing of God, be Agnes Townley's wedding-day."  
"Yes," rejoined the rector, turning towards and examining some flowers which Miss Townley had brought in and placed on the table. "Yes, it has been for some time settled that Agnes shall on that day be united in holy wedlock to Mr. Arbuthnot."  
"Mr. Arbuthnot, of Elm Park?"  
"A great match, is it not, in a worldly point of view?" replied Mr. Townley, with a pleasant smile at the tone of my exclamation.  
And much better than that, Robert Arbuthnot is a young man of high and noble nature as well as devotedly attached to Agnes. He will, I doubt not, prove in every respect a husband deserving and worthy of her; and that from the lips of a doating old grand-papa must be esteemed high praise. You will see him presently."  
"I did see him often, and quite agreed in the rector's estimate of his future grand-son in law. I have not frequently seen a finer looking young man—his age was twenty six, and certainly one of more honorable and kindly spirit, of a more genial temper than he, has never come within my observation. He had drawn a great prize in the matrimonial lottery, and I felt deserved his fortune."  
They were married at the time agreed upon, and the day was kept not only at Elm Park and in its neighborhood, but through our parish, as a general holiday. And stringently enough, at least, I have never met with another instance of the kind—it was held by our entire female community high as well as low, that the match was a perfectly equal one, notwithstanding the wealth and high worldly position were entirely on the bridegroom's side. In fact, that nobody less in the social scale, the representative of an old territorial family ought in the nature of things, to have aspired to the hand of Agnes Townley, appeared to have been a foregone conclusion with everybody. This will give the reader a truer and more vivid impression of the bride than any words or colors I might use.  
The days, weeks, months of wedded life flew over Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot without a cloud save a few dark, but transitory ones which I saw now and then fit across the husband's countenance as the time when he should become a father, drew near, and came to be more and more spoken of. "I should not survive her," said Mr. Arbuthnot, one day in reply to a chance observation of the rector's, "nor indeed desire to do so." The gray-headed man seized and warmly pressed the husband's hand, and tears of sympathy filled his eyes, yet did he nevertheless as in duty bound utter grave words on the sinfulness of despair under any circumstances, and the denying in all trials, however heavy, of patient submission to the will of God.— But the venerable gentleman spoke in a hoarse and broken voice; it was easy to see he felt with Mr. Arbuthnot, that the reality of an event, the bare possibility of which, shook them so terribly, were a cross too heavy for human strength to bear and live.  
It was of course decided that the expected heir or heiress should be entrusted to a wet nurse, and a Mrs. Danby, the wife of a miller, living not very far from the rectory, was engaged for that purpose. I had frequently seen the woman; and her name, as the rector and I were one evening gossiping over our tea, on some subject or other that I forgot, came up.  
"A likely person," I remarked; "healthy, very good looking, and one might make out, a truehearted creature. But there is withal a timidity; frightenedness, in her manner, at times which, if I may hazard a perhaps uncharitable conjecture, speaks ill for that smart husband of hers."  
"You have hit the mark precisely, my dear sir. Danby is a very bad fellow, and a domestic tyrant to boot. His wife, who is really a good, but meek hearted person, lived with us once. How old do you suppose her to be?"  
"Five and twenty, perhaps."  
"Six years more than that. She has a son of the name of Harper by a former marriage, who is in his tenth year. Anne wasn't a widow long. Danby was caught by her good looks, and she by the bait of a well provided home. Unless, however, her husband gives up his corn-speculations she will not, I think, have that much longer."  
"Corn-speculations! Surely, Danby has no means adequate to indulge in such a game as that."  
"Not he. But about two years ago he brought on credit, I believe, a considerable quantity of wheat, and prices happening to fly suddenly up just then he made a large profit. This has quite turned his head, which, by-the-by, was never as Cockney says, quite rightly screwed on." The announcement of a visitor interrupted anything further the rector might have said, and I soon afterwards went home.  
A sad accident occurred about a month subsequent to the foregoing conversation. The rector was out riding upon a usually

quiet horse which all at once took it into his head to shy at a scare crow it must have seen a score of times, and there by, threw its rider. Help was fortunately at hand, and the reverend gentleman was instantly conveyed home, when it was found that his left thigh was broken. Thanks, however, to his temperate habits, it was before long authoritatively pronounced that although it would be a considerable time before he was released from confinement, it was not probable, that the lusty winter of his life would be shortened by what had happened. Unfortunately, the accident threatened to have evil consequences in another quarter. Immediately after it occurred, one Matthews, a busy, thick headed, lout of a butcher, rode furiously off to Elm Park with the new Mrs. Arbuthnot, who daily looked to be confined, was walking with her husband upon the lawn in front of the house, when the great burly blockhead rode up, and blurted out that the rector had been thrown from his horse and it was feared killed.  
The shock of such an announcement was of course, overwhelming. A few hours afterwards, Mrs. Arbuthnot gave birth to a healthy male child; but the young mother's life, assailed by fever, was for many days utterly despaired of—for weeks held to tremble so evidently in the balance that the slightest adverse circumstance might in a moment turn the scale deathward. At length the black horizon that seemed to encompass us so hopelessly lightened and afforded the lover husband a glimpse and hope of his vanished and well nigh despaired of Eden. The promise was fulfilled. I was in the library with Mr. Arbuthnot, awaiting the physician's morning report, very anxiously expected at the rectory, when Dr. Lindley entered the apartment in an evidently cheerful mood.  
"You have been causelessly alarmed," he said. "There is no fear whatever of a relapse. Weakness only remains, and that we shall slowly, perhaps, but certainly, remove."  
A gleam of lightning seemed to flash over Mr. Arbuthnot's expressive countenance. "Blessed be God!" he exclaimed. "And how," he added, "shall we manage respecting the child? She asks for it incessantly."  
Mr. Arbuthnot's infant son, I should state, had been consigned immediately after its birth to the care of Mrs. Danby, who had herself been confined, also with a boy about a fortnight previously. Scarcely had she been in the neighborhood, Mrs. Danby was hurried away with the two children to a place near Bath, almost before she was able to bear the journey. Mr. Arbuthnot had not left his wife for one hour, and consequently had only seen his child for a few minutes just after he was born.  
"With respect to the child," replied Dr. Lindley, "I am of opinion that Mrs. Arbuthnot may see it in a day or two. Say the third day from this, if all goes well. I think we may venture so far, but I will be present for an untoward agitation might be, perhaps, instantly fatal. This point provisionally settled, we all three went our several ways; I to cheer the still suffering rector with good news.  
The next day but one, Mr. Arbuthnot was in exuberant spirits. Dr. Lindley's report is even more favorable than we had anticipated," he said; "and I start to-morrow morning, to bring Mrs. Danby and the child."  
The postman's subdued but unmistakable knock, interrupted him. "The nurse," he added, "is very attentive and punctual. She writes almost every day." A servant entered with a salver heaped with letters. Mr. Arbuthnot tossed them over eagerly and seizing one, after glancing at the post-mark, tore it eagerly open, muttering, as he did so; "It is not the usual hand writing, but from her, no doubt, 'Merciful God!' I impulsively exclaimed, as I suddenly lifted my eyes to his.  
"What is the matter? A mortal palor laid spread over Mr. Arbuthnot's before animated features, and he was glaring at the letters in his hand as if a basilisk had suddenly confronted him. Another moment, and the muscles of his frame appeared to give way suddenly and he dropped heavily into the easy arm-chair from which he had risen to take the letters. I was terribly alarmed, and first loosening his neckerchief, for he seemed choking, I said—"Let me call some one;" and I turned to reach the bell, when he instantly seized my arms, and held me with a grip of iron. "No—no—no!" he hoarsely gasped, water—water! There was fortunately some n a side table. I handed it to him, and he drank eagerly. It appeared to revive him a little. He thrust the crumpled letter into his pocket, and said in a low quick whisper—"There is some one coming. Not a word remember—not a word!" At the same time he wheeled his chair half round, so that his back should be towards the servant who had approached.  
"I am sent, sir," said Mrs. Arbuthnot's maid, "to ask if the post has arrived?"  
"Yes," replied Mr. Arbuthnot, with wonderful mastery of his voice. "Tell your mistress I shall be with her almost immediately and that her—her son is quite well."  
"Mr. Tyrrel," he continued, as soon as the servant was out of hearing, "there is, I think, a liquor-stand on the side board in the large dining-room. Would you have the kindness to bring it to me unobserved—mind that—unobserved by any one!"  
I did as he requested; and the instant I placed the liquor-stand before him, he seized the brandy carafe, and drank with fierce eagerness. "For goodness sake," I exclaimed, "consider what you are about, Mr. Arbuthnot, you will make yourself ill."

"No, no," he answered, after finishing his draught. It seems scarcely stronger than water. But I—am better now. The letter," he added after a long and painful pause, during which he eyed me, I thought with a kind of suspicion—the letter you saw me open just now comes from a relative, an aunt, who is very ill, and wishes to see me instantly. You understand?"  
I did understand, or at least I feared that I did too well. I however, bowed acquiescence, and he presently rose from his chair, and strode about the apartment in great agitation, until his wife's bed-room bell rang. He then stopped suddenly short, shook himself, and looked anxiously at the reflection of his flushed and varying countenance in the magnificent chimney glass.  
"Do not look, I think—or, at least shall not, in a darkened room—old, more out of the way that is, more agitated—than one might, than one must appear, after hearing of the dangerous illness of—of—an aunt!"  
"Yes, yes: much better, much better. I am glad to hear you say so. That was my wife's bell. She is anxious, no doubt to see me."  
He left the apartment; was gone, perhaps ten minutes, and when he returned, was a thought less nervous than before. I rose to go. "Give my respects," he said, "to the good rector; and as an especial favor," he added, with strong emphasis, let me ask of you not to mention to a living soul that you saw me so unmanly as I was just now; that I swallowed brandy. It would appear so strange, so weak, so ridiculous!"  
I promised not to do so, and almost immediately left the house, very painfully affected. His son was, I concluded, either dead or dying, and he was thus bewildered by casting about for means of keeping the terrible, perhaps fatal tidings from his wife. I afterwards heard that he left Elm Park in a post-chaise, about two hours after I came away, unattended by a single servant.  
He was gone three clear days only, at the end of which he returned with Mrs. Danby and his son—in forced health, too, and one of the finest babies of its age about nine weeks only—I had ever seen. This vanished the air-drawn Doubting Castle and Giant Despair which I had so hastily conjured up. The cause assigned by Mr. Arbuthnot for the agitation I had witnessed was doubtless the true one; and yet (and the thought haunted me for months, years afterwards), he opened only one letter that morning, and had sent a message to his wife that the child was well.  
Mrs. Danby remained at the Park till the little Robert was weaned, and was then dismissed, very munificently rewarded. A year after year rolled away, without bringing Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot any additional little ones, and no one, therefore, could feel surprised at the enthusiastic love of the delighted mother for her handsome, nobly-promising boy. But that which did astonish me, though no one else, for it seemed that I alone noticed it, was a strange defect of character which began to develop itself in Mr. Arbuthnot. He was positively jealous of his wife's affection for her own child. Many and many a time have I remarked, when he thought himself unobserved, an expression of intense pain flash from his fine, expressive eyes, at any more than usually fervent manifestation of the young mother's gushing love for her first and only born. I as much as possible forbore to dwell upon the subject.  
Nine years passed away without bringing any material change to the parties involved in this narrative, except those which time brings ordinarily in its train. Young Robert Arbuthnot was a healthy tall and fine looking lad of his age; and his great grand-papa, the rector, though not suffering under any actual physical or mental infirmity, had reached a time of life when the announcement that the golden bowl is broken, or the silver cord is loosed, may indeed be quick and sudden, but scarcely unexpected. Things had gone well, too, with the nurse, Mrs. Danby and her husband; well, at least, after a fashion. The speculative miller must have made good use of the gift to his wife for her care of little Arbuthnot, for he had built a genteel house near the mill, always rode a valuable horse, kept, it was said, a capital stable; and all this, as it seemed, by his clever speculations in corn and flour, for the ordinary business of the mill was almost entirely neglected. He had no children of his own, but he had apparently taken to his step-son, a fine lad, now about eighteen years of age. This greatly grieved the boy's mother, who dreaded above all things that her son should contract the evil, dissolute habits of his father-in-law. Latterly, she had become extremely solicitous to procure the lad a permanent situation abroad, and this Mr. Arbuthnot had promised should be effected at the earliest opportunity.  
Thus stood affairs on the 16th of October, 1841. Mr. Arbuthnot was temporarily absent in Ireland, where he possessed large property, and was making personal inquiries as to the extent of the potato rot, not long before announced. The miller's post had brought a letter to his wife, with the intelligence that he should reach home that very evening; and as the rector was on the direct road to Elm Park, and her husband would be sure to pull up there, Mrs. Arbuthnot came with her son to pass the afternoon there, and in some slight degree to anticipate her husband's arrival.  
About three o'clock, a child, one of the Taunton blacks, rode up in a gig to the rectory, and asked to see the Rev. Mr. Townley on pressing and important business. He was admitted into the library,

where, the rector and I were at the moment rather busily engaged. The clerk said he had been to Elm Park, but not finding either Mr. Arbuthnot or his lady there, he had thought that perhaps the Rev. Mr. Townley might be able to pronounce upon the genuineness of a check for £300, purporting to be drawn on the Taunton Bank by Mr. Arbuthnot, which Danby, the miller, had obtained cash for at Bath. He further added, that the bank had refused payment and detained the check, believing it to be a forgery.  
"A forgery!" exclaimed the rector after merely glancing at the document, "No question that it is, and a very clumsily executed one, too, besides, Mr. Arbuthnot is not yet returned from Ireland."  
This was sufficient, and the messenger, with many apologies for his intrusion, withdrew, and hastened back to Taunton. We were still talking over this sad affair, although some hours had elapsed since the clerk's departure—in fact, candles had been brought in, and we were every moment expecting Mr. Arbuthnot, the sound of a horse at a lusty gallop was heard approaching, and presently the pale and haggard face of Danby shot by the window at which the rector and myself were standing. The gate bell was rung almost immediately afterwards, and but a brief interval passed before Mr. Danby was announced to be in waiting. The servant had hardly gained the passage with leave to show him in, when the impatient visitor rushed rudely into the room in a state of great and it seemed angry excitement.  
"What, sir, is the meaning of this ill-mannered intrusion?" demanded the rector sternly.  
"You have pronounced the check I paid away at Bath a forgery; and the officers are, I am told, already at my heels. Mr. Arbuthnot, unfortunately, is not at home, and I am come, therefore, to seek shelter with you."  
"Shelter with me, sir!" exclaimed the indignant rector, moving as he spoke towards the bell. "Out of my house you shall go this instant!"  
The fellow placed his hand upon the reverend gentleman's arm and looked with his bloodshot eyes keenly in his face.  
"Don't," said Danby, "don't for the sake of yourself and yours! Don't I warn you; or if you like the phrase better, don't, for the sake of me and mine."  
"Your fellow!" Your wife, whom you have so long held in cruel bondage through her fears for her son, has at length shaken off that chain.—James Harper came two days ago from Portsmouth for Bombay; I sent her the news two hours since."  
"He! Is that indeed so?" cried Danby, with an irrepressible start of alarm. "Why, then—But no matter; here luckily come Mrs. Arbuthnot and her son. All's right! She will, I know, stand bail for me, and, if need be, acknowledge the genuineness of her husband's check!"  
The fellow's insolence was becoming unbearable, and I was about to seize and thrust him forcibly, from the apartment, when the sound of wheels was heard outside.  
"Hold! one moment," he cried, with vehemence. "That is probably the officers; I must be brief, and to the purpose. Pray, madam, do not leave the room for your own sake; as for you, young sir, I command you to remain!"  
"What! what does he mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Arbuthnot, bewilderingly, and at the same time clasping her son—who gazed on Danby with kindled eyes, and angry boyish defiance—tightly to her side. Did the man's strange words give form and significance to some dark, shadowy, indistinct doubt that had previously haunted her at times? I judged so. The rector appeared similarly confused and had sunk nerveless and terrified upon a sofa.  
"You guess dimly, I see, what I have to say," resumed Danby with a malignant sneer. "Well, hear it, then, once for all, and then, if you will, give me up to the officers. Some years ago," he continued, coldly and steadily—"some years ago, a woman, a nurse, was placed in charge of two infant children, both boys; one of these was her own; the other was the son of rich, proud parents. The woman's husband was a gay, jolly fellow, who preferred spending money to earning it, and just then it happened that he was more than usually hard up. One afternoon, on visiting his wife, who had removed to a distance, he found that the rich man's child had sickened of the small pox, and that there was no chance of its recovery. A letter containing the sad news was on a table, which he, the husband, took the liberty to open and read. After some reflection, suggested by what he had heard of the lady-mother's state of mind, he copied the letter for the sake of embodying in it a certain suggestion. That letter was duly posted, and the next day brought the rich man, almost in a state of distraction; but his chief and mastering terror was lest the mother of the already dead infant should hear, in her then precarious state, of what had happened. The tidings, he was sure, would kill her. Seeing this, the cunning husband of the nurse suggested that for the present, his cunning one's child might be taken to the lady as her own, and that the truth could be revealed when she was strong enough to bear it. The rich man fell into the artful trap, and that which the husband of the nurse had speculated upon came to pass, even beyond his hopes. The lady grew to idolize her fancied child—she has, fortunately, had no other; and now, I think, it would really kill her to part with him. The rich man could not find it in his heart to undo his wife; every year it became more difficult, more impossible to

do so; and very generously, I must say, has he paid in purse for the forbearance of the nurse's husband. Well now, then, to sum up: the nurse was Mrs. Danby; the rich, weak husband, Mr. Arbuthnot; the substituted child, that handsome boy—my son!"  
A wild scream from Mrs. Arbuthnot broke the dreadful revelation which accompanied this frightful revelation, echoed by an agonized cry, half tenderness, half rage, from her husband, who had entered the room unobserved, and now clasped her passionately in his arms. The carriage wheels we had heard were his. It was long before I could recall with calmness the tumult, the terror, and confusion of that scene. Mr. Arbuthnot strove to bear his wife from the apartment, but she would not be forced away, and kept imploring, with frenzied vehemence, that Robert—that her boy, should not be taken from her.  
"I have no wish to do so—far from it," said Danby, with gleeful exultation, "only folks must be reasonable, and not threaten their friends with the hulks!"  
"Give him anything!" broke in the unhappy lady. "O Robert! Robert! she cried, with a renewed burst of hysterical grief, how could you deceive me so?"  
"I have been punished, Agnes," he answered in a husky, broken voice, "for my well intended but criminal weakness; cruelly punished by the everpresent consciousness that this discovery must one day be surely made. What do you want? he after a while added, with recovering firmness, addressing Danby.  
"The acknowledgment of that little bit of paper in dispute, of course; and say a genuine one to the same amount."  
"Yes, yes," exclaimed Mrs. Arbuthnot, still wildly sobbing, and holding the terrified, oystained in her embrace, as if she feared he might be wrenched from her by force. "Anything; pay him anything!"  
At this moment, chancing to look towards the door of the apartment, I saw that it was partially opened, and that Danby's wife was listening there. But what might that mean? But what of hopeful meaning in such a case could it have?  
"Be it so, love," said Mr. Arbuthnot soothingly. "Danby, call to-morrow at the Park. And now, begone at once."  
"I was thinking," resumed the rascal, with swelling audacity, "that we might as well come to some permanent arrangement, in black and white. But never mind; I can always put the screw on; unless, indeed, you get tired of the young gentleman, and in that case, I doubt not, he will prove abtful and affectionate son—Ah, devil! What do you here? Begone, or I'll murder you! Begone, do you hear!"  
His wife had entered, and silently confronted him.  
"Your threats, evil man," replied the woman, quietly, "have no terrors for me now. My son is beyond your reach. O, Mrs. Arbuthnot!" she added, turning towards and addressing that lady, "believe not—"  
Her husband sprang at her with the bound of a panther.  
"Silence! Go home, or I'll strangle!"  
His own utterance was arrested by the fierce grasp of Mr. Arbuthnot, who seized him by the throat, and hurled him to the further end of the room.  
"Speak on, woman; and quick! quick! What have you to say?"  
"That your son, dearest lady," she answered, throwing herself at Mrs. Arbuthnot's feet, "is as truly your own child as ever son born of woman."  
That shout of half fearful triumph seems even now as I write to ring in my ears. I felt that the woman's words were words of truth, but I could not see distinctly; the room whirled round and the lights danced before my eyes, but I could hear through all the choking ecstasy of the mother, and the fury of the baffled felon.  
"The letter," continued Mrs. Danby, "which my husband found and opened, would have informed you, sir, of the swiftly approaching death of my child, and that yours had been carefully kept beyond the reach of the contagion. The letter you received was written without my knowledge or consent. True it is, that terrified by my husband's threats, and in some measure reconciled to the wicked imposition by knowing that, after all, the right child would be in his right place. I afterwards lent myself to Danby's evil purposes. But I chiefly feared for my son, whom I fully believe he would not have scrupled to make away with in revenge for my exposing his profitable fraud. I have sinned; I can hardly hope to be forgiven. I have now told the sacred truth."  
All this was uttered by the repentant woman, but at the time it was almost wholly unheard by the most interested in her statement. They only comprehended that they were saved—that the child was their's in very truth. Great, abundant, but for the moment, bewildering joy! Mr. Arbuthnot—his beautiful young wife—her own true boy (how could she for a moment have doubted that he was her own true boy!)—you might read that though all her tears, thickly as they fell—the aged and half-stunned rector, whilst yet Mrs. Danby was speaking, were exclaiming, sobbing in each other's arms, and praising God too, with broken voices and incoherent words it may be, but certainly with fervent, pious, grateful hearts.  
The felon ceased in the confusion.

**Sunday Reading.**  
From the Banner of the Cross.  
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.  
A SERMON  
Preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, Wednesday, the 16th of June, 1852, at the 151st Anniversary Meeting. By the Right Rev. SAMUEL McCOSKRY, Bishop of Michigan, U. S.  
St. Matt. xiii. 8—"And all ye are brethren."  
[CONCLUDED.]  
We come as a part of the Christian household to tell you what God has done for us. Here, as has been remarked, is our Jerusalem, and we come to make our report to the Apostles and brethren; and not only so, but to talk with you about the future, and devise ways and means for more successfully accomplishing the great work committed to us by our divine Master and Head.  
Ours has indeed been one continued warfare. We were left in the midst of those whose chief desire was to destroy the Church of God. We had not for years the family in its integrity;—we were left as children without the protecting care of a father. To the Society whose anniversary we celebrate this day we owe our existence. Without its aid we must have perished in the wilderness. Its fostering care kept the members of the Christian household from spiritual death, until God, in His good providence, sent earthly parents and rulers clothed with authority, to guide, direct, and comfort them in the midst of those who are bent upon their destruction. Under all the circumstances considering the bitter political feelings which grew out of the separation from the mother land, and which were in a great degree directed against the Church, and at a time when there was no chief shepherd to watch over the flock, the wonder is that the Church has any life or influence. These difficulties had to be met with firmness, prudence, and a steady reliance upon the promises of its divine Head. They were met; and with no other weapon but the Word of God thousands have been peacefully conquered and made the willing servants of God. In 1835 we numbered but ten or twelve bishops and 500 clergymen. Now we have thirty-two bishops at home and abroad, and 1,600 pastors.—Our Church and congregations are rapidly increasing in every diocese, and we cannot keep pace with the demand for pastors.  
Countries, where a few years since no sound was heard but war-whoop of the savage and his fearful yells in his midnight raveries, when exulting over his triumphs, now is heard the song of peace and salvation. And in this glorious work we have not been alone. You have sent to our aid in those distant regions a part of the Church in its integrity. We have now fellow-laborers and fellow-apostles with whom we can sympathize and take counsel in the work of our common Lord.— We are often only separated in our labors by a little stream, and this is our safety for our future peace and comfort. But this cannot separate us in affection—and ocean cannot therein separate us—as long as the little stream marks out the boundaries of our efforts, so long will we act in concert, and keep the members of the family in harmony and love. But if the little stream be crossed, and we interfere with the internal regulations of the part of the family committed to your care, then there will be strife and contention. And why should this be so—for we are brethren.  
And what opportunities are now presented to us all? God has opened, and is opening, our way to every land. We have a language common to us all, which we believe will be the language of the whole world. The people of your nation and of our nation are going into all lands, carrying with them the Gospel of Jesus, and the vehicle through which we can hereafter reach the darkest and most benighted nations of the earth. The islands of the sea will, sooner or later, come under our control, and now we can see the time rapidly approaching when the continents of the earth also will eagerly seek the truth as it is in Jesus. It is the time, then, for you, in the work assigned to the Church in England, to impress her own character upon every nation and people under her control. Whatever, then, may befall her distant possessions, she will leave behind her the richest of all blessings—the Church of God. It is the great binding link between herself and her children throughout the world. And we think we may say with safety, that the separation of our own country from the mother land, was hastened on account of the want of this tie.  
But every fear, I trust, will be removed by the kind interchanges of brotherly affection which this happy meeting has called forth. Oh! it has been a goodly time; our hearts have been warmed by the cordial welcome which our dear mother has given us. We have felt this delicate tenderness of her affection; and we feel ready to go our again from her bosom with her blessing, strengthened for new conquests, and in the hope that we can return again with still richer gains. We feel willing, I hope, to live and die for Christ. And then, again, how glorious the prospect for you! We have had the fire brought before us and described with the burning zeal of an apostle. Our hearts have kindled into rapture at  
\* In the eloquent sermon of the Bishop of Oxford, on the closing day of the Jubilee.